

MORE COWBOY SONGS BY

Wiley Carter
WILF CARTER

HEARD REGULARLY ON THE
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM NETWORK AS

MONTANA SLIM

**NO
2**

ALSO ON
**VICTOR
BLUEBIRD
RECORDS**

ARRANGED FOR
**VIOLIN, PIANO
& GUITAR**

PRICE 75 CENTS

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WILF CARTER'S COWBOY SONGS

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Answer to Swiss Moonlight Lullaby - Inside Back Cover

WILF CARTER *Broadcasting*

(MONTANA SLIM)

Hello everybody! Sure am glad to have another little visit with you all! Yes, it's been around a couple of years since I dropped in to say "hello" with my first book of songs. You sure must remember those real western songs that I tangled up myself. They brought you a great many true experiences from my everyday life.

Many things have happened since then. It's been a hard old trail from the foothills of Alberta to Broadway of New York. With the encouragement and help of you all I couldn't turn back. So I finally decided to hit for the "Great White Way." There I was, gazin' at the high buildings and wondering which way I should go.

Didn't see any doggies or ponies a-grazin' around! But there was lots of big Stetson hats a-bobbin' up and down in the stampedes on Broadway. Well I finally found the end of my trail at the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System. They sure made me feel right at home.

To my surprise I was handed a long-term contract. I nearly passed out, boots and all! What a grand feeling to realize one of my greatest dreams had come true! Gee! I soon found a hotel and when I hit the hay, I slept the clock around and around.

With thousands of letters coming from my net-work programs over the radio asking for another book of my songs, I tangled together a few more and hope that you all will get as much pleasure singing and playing them as I did roundin' them up.

Wishing you all the best that life can give, and thanks again for everything, I am

Your old pal,

WILF CARTER.

 **BE SURE YOU GET** 

WILF CARTER'S FIRST BOOK OF SONGS

The Rescue From Moose River Gold Mine

Words and Music by
WILF. CARTER

Moderato

rall.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time, marked 'Moderato' and 'mf'. The piano part consists of a treble and bass staff. The vocal melody is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The score includes guitar chord diagrams for various chords: G, G7, C, G, C, G, Am, D7, Em, D7, G, G7, C, Cm, G, Em, A7, D7, G, C, G, and G7. The tempo changes to 'rall.' at the end of the piano introduction. The lyrics are: '1. Way down in old No - va Sco - tia, _____ Moose Riv - er it seems is the name _____ Three Can - a - di - ans on Eas - ter Sun - day _____ To the tum - ble - down gold mine they came _____ They de -'.

1. Way down in old No - va Sco - tia, _____ Moose Riv - er it seems is the

name _____ Three Can - a - di - ans on Eas - ter Sun - day _____

To the tum - ble - down gold mine they came _____ They de -

C Cm6 G D7

scend - ed the mine for in - spec-tion, — Nev-er dream-ing fate
 2. days — and nights — they lab-ored, — Turned back — when
 3. Sun - day they got their first mes-sage, — From the men pri - soned
 4. last the great strain it was bro - ken, — A mi - ner out of

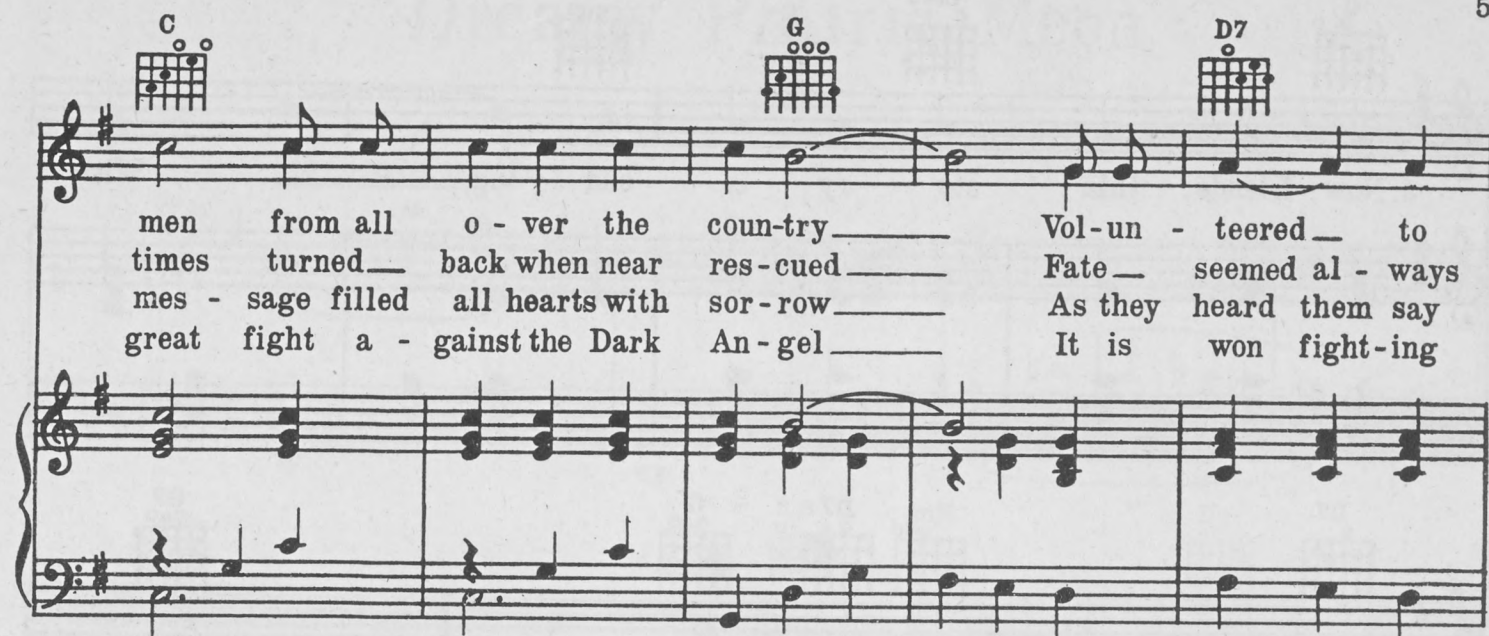
G G7 C Cm G

trailed them close by, — With a crash that gave them no warn - ing —
 great cave - ins fell, — While far be - low pa - tient - ly wait - ing —
 far, far be - low, — Can you help us, they heard the men call - ing —
 breath brot the news, — We have won the great fight, he was call - ing —

Em Am D7 G G7

— En - tombed in that mine there to die. — Great
 — Three men were in one liv - ing hell. — Man-y
 — Our suf - fer - ings God on - ly knows. — Next
 — At last we have dug our way through. — That

C G D7



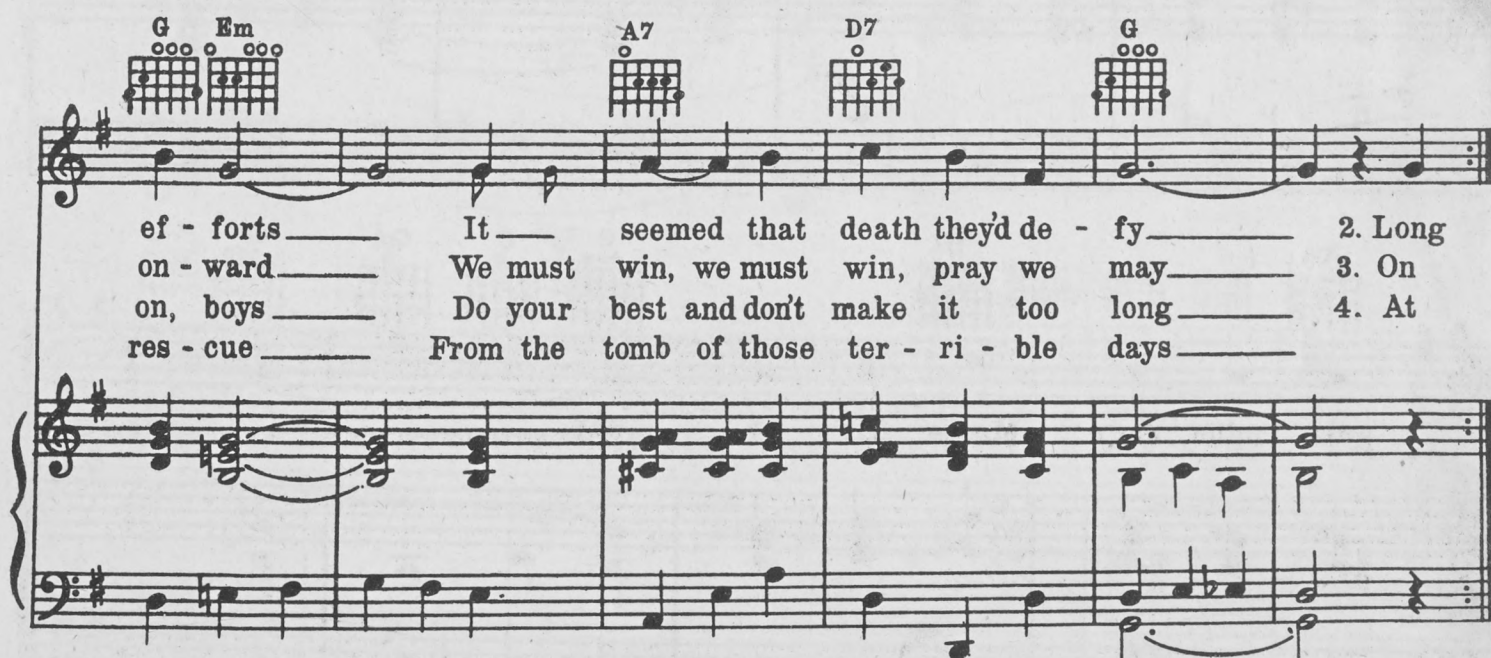
men from all o - ver the coun-try Vol-un - teered to
 times turned back when near res-cued Fate seemed al - ways
 mes - sage filled all hearts with sor-row As they heard them say
 great fight a - gainst the Dark An - gel It is won fight-ing

Em D7 G G7 C Cm



give up their lives, They slaved with un - ceas - ing
 block-ing their way, With a prayer on their lips they worked
 one pal is gone, We are try - ing our best to hold
 hard all the way, Still a tra - ged - y came with the

G Em A7 D7 G



ef - ferts It seemed that death they'd de - fy 2. Long
 on - ward We must win, we must win, pray we may 3. On
 on, boys Do your best and don't make it too long 4. At
 res - cue From the tomb of those ter - ri - ble days

5. Now friends, this sto - ry is end - ing, _____ With

hard - ships of man - y a day _____ But this

res - cue will go down in his - t'ry _____ Of the

gold mine down Moose Riv - er way. _____

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The guitar chords are indicated by letters and diagrams above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words spanning across measures.

Guitar Chords:

- System 1: C, Cm6, G
- System 2: D7, Em, D7, G, G7
- System 3: C, Cm, G, Em
- System 4: Am, D7, G, C, Cm, G

Dreamy Prairie Moon

7

By WILF CARTER

Moderato molto

mf



Since the ear-ly dawn I've been a - rid - in' A - sing - in'; whist - lin',
Dream - y prai - rie moon you make me lone - ly As slow - ly you go

mp







try - in' to be gay, All these years a - rid - in' this old
rid - in' 'long on high, Not a sound to break the wea - ry


sad - dle, Just a - rid - in' my whole life a - way. I
still - ness Un - less I hear a lone coy - o - te cry. Will

Chords: G, Am, D7, G, D dim, D7, G, Am, A7, D7, A7, D7, G, C, G, G7






won-der if the Range Boss 'way up yon-der Will have a place from
 we night-herd on rang-es 'way up yon-der? Will wind-in' trails be













where we may not stray, Hey, Hey! Will He know us by sight when
 'long that Milk-y Way? Hey, Hey! Oh, how old Paint will stride when I





we ride home at night, Rid-in' high be-neath the dream-y prairie moon.
 kick him in the side, Rid-in' high be-side a dream-y prairie moon.






YODEL Lazily

O - lee - ay o - lee - ay - ee, Dee - - dee - dee -

G Ddim D7 G D7 G
 dee, _____ O - lee - ay o - lee - ay - ee _____ Dee -

A7 D7 G D7
 ay - ee, dee - ay - ee dee - dee _____ dee - ay - lee O dee - ay o - lee -

G C G C
 ay - ee _____ O - lee - ay dee - dee _____ Dee -

G D7 G C G
 dee O - lee - ay - ee _____ O lay - ee dee. _____

rall. e dim. p

My Missoula Valley Moon

Words and Music by
WILF. CARTER

G C D7 G C

I'm long-ing to - night for a val-ley that's
The moon's shin-ing bright, in the heavens to -

mf *p*

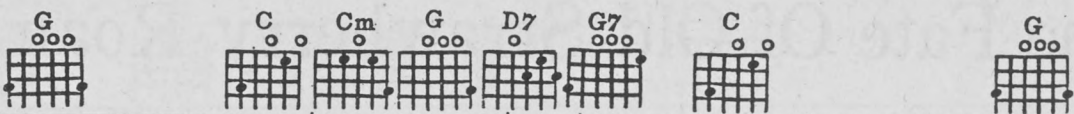
G G7 C G C

bright, And friends that are so dear to me Just to stroll once a -
night, As I'm send - ing this message to you Tho' skies may seem

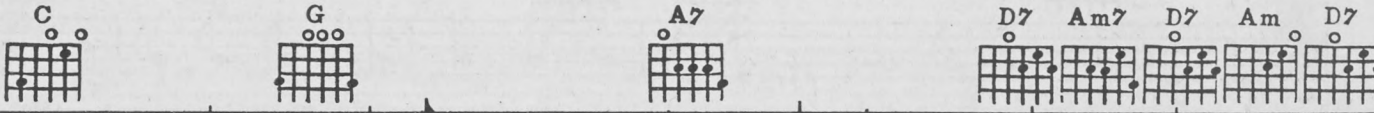
G A7 D7 Am7 D7 Am D7

gain down old Mem-ry Lane, It would bring back those old mem-o - ries. —
grey, we'll hope for a day When those grey skies will turn in - to blue, —


CHORUS



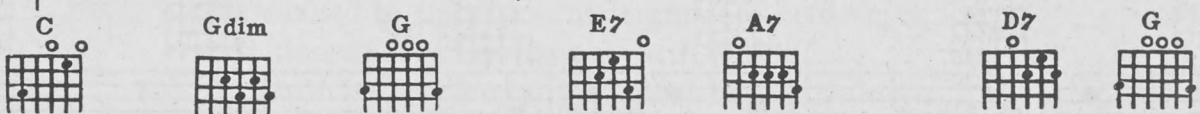
Old Miss-ou-la Val-ley is call-ing me, Call-ing me back home. — Could I



just stroll a - long a - sing-in' a song It would seem just like old times to me. — When the



moon shines o-ver the moun - tains It brings you a message from me — I'm a -



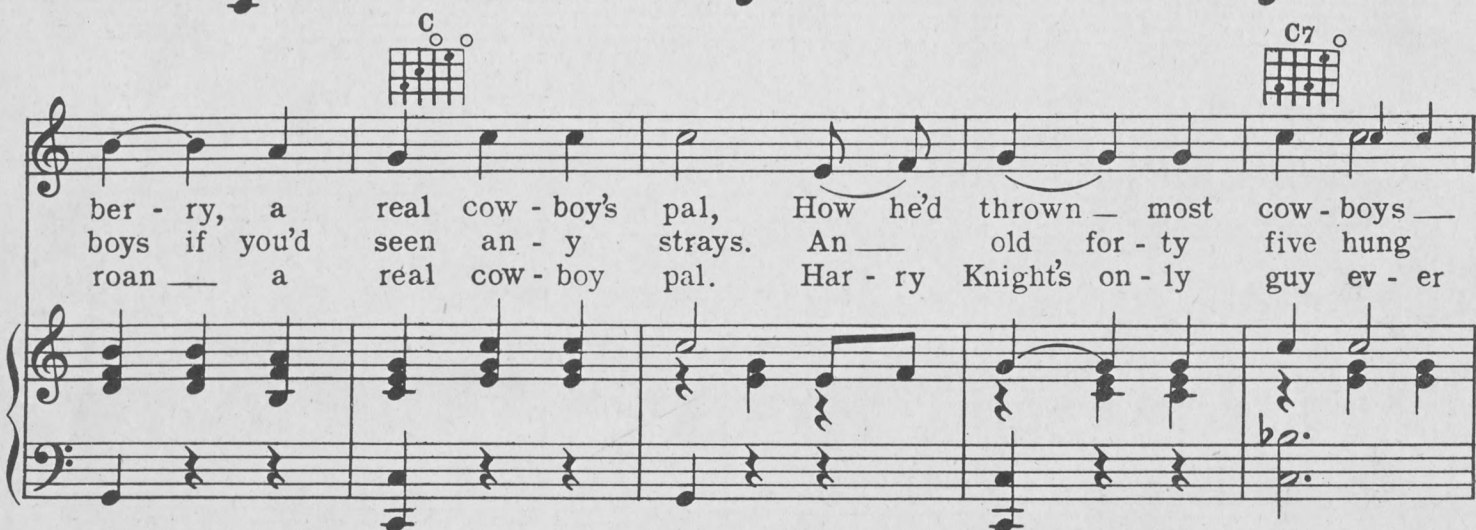
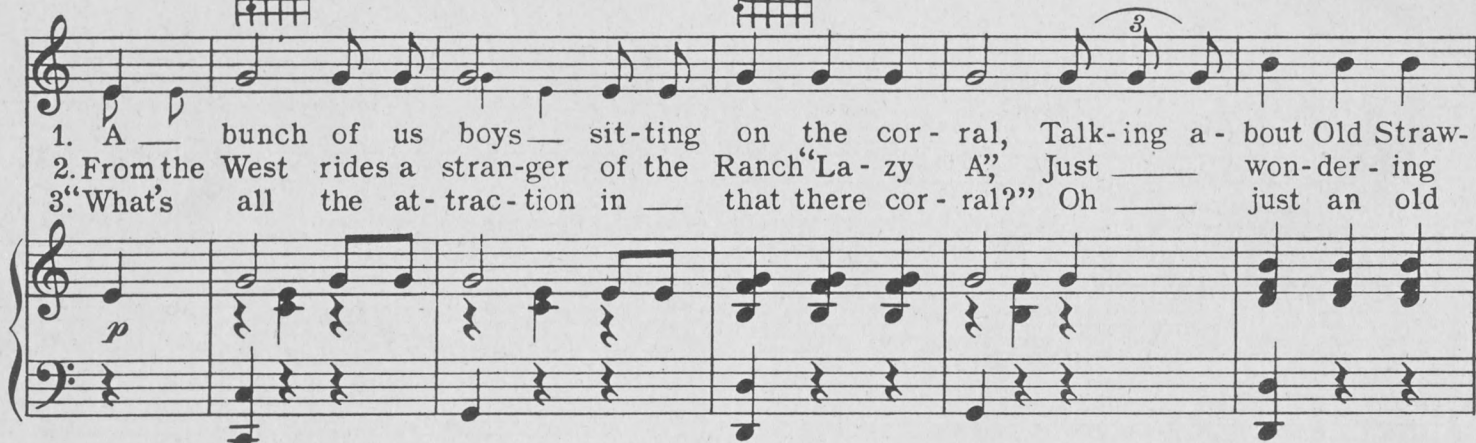
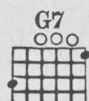
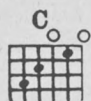
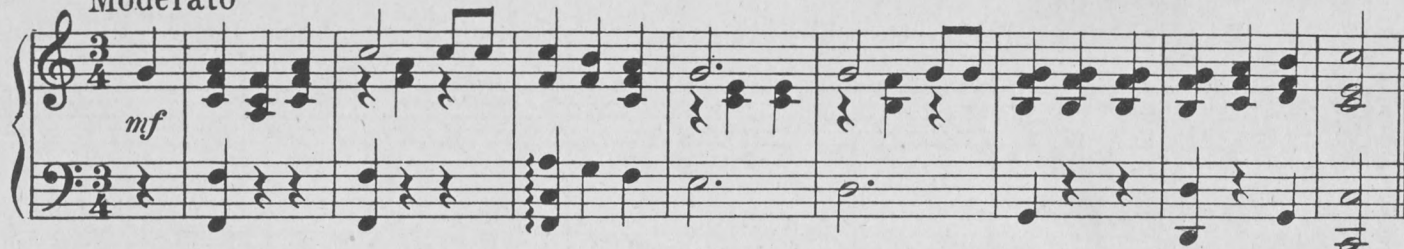
wait-in' the day to be on my way, Back to old Miss - ou-la Val-ley. —

The Fate Of Old Strawberry Roan

Victor Bluebird Record B4601

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Moderato



Refrain (after last verse)

13

Poor old Straw-ber-ry Roan! All the names signed be-low he has thrown. His

sad-dle hangs here, please leave it a - lone. This marks the fate of Old Straw-ber-ry Roan.

4. I'll just call your bluff on that little old roan
Here's one cowboy left he never has thrown.
Stick on a saddle, I aint got much time,
I've heard how that cayuse could really unwind.
5. He swung to the saddle with the greatest of ease
Old Strawberry seemed just to float on the breeze.
And under his belly we saw the blue sky,
We yelled at the stranger a parting Goodbye.
6. Then we saw a sight that surely read "Fate"
As Strawberry went over the old corral gate.
A flash of a hand and out came a gun
While on the corral the pair of them hung.
7. We rushed to the rider, his right foot held tight,
Old Strawberry lay there a pitiful sight.
Say fellows, no hurry. I stopped him with lead,
One look at the roan and we knew he was dead.
8. Soon all the ranch hands were gathered around,
It seems all were shocked as they gazed at the ground.
I'm real sorry boys, came a voice very low,
It was me or the cayuse, it was one had to go.
9. We uncinched the saddle and called it a day,
Old Strawberry Roan has gone on his way.
That evening at sunset we laid him to rest
At the head of his grave we all signed this request:

Cowboy Lullaby

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Allegretto



1. Rid - in' a - way, a -
2. Cook me a steak on a
3. Coy - o - te sing - in'
4. Wak - en - in' at the

leav-in' to - day, Come on, ol' paint on your way— ay - ay, The trail is
red - hot stone, — Darn sight bet - ter than ho - o - ome, My roof a -
forth - his praise, — Parked on a rus - tler's gra - a - ave, — Ol' paint's
break - of day, Ol' paint's good morn - in' neigh - ey - ey, All sad - dled

long, the go - in' tough, Shar - in' to - geth - er smooth or rough.
bove an az - ure sky, My on - ly song— this lul - la - by.
puf - fin' like he's full, Bel - ly's stuffed with prai - rie wool.
up an' feel - in' spry, Sing - in' my cow - boy lul - la - by.

Hi - ip - è - i - ip - e i ip - e - o, Git a - long, lit - tle

pon - y, don't move so slow. Hi - pon - y, Hi - o, hi ho. O - lee -

ay lee - ay - o, o - lee - ay - lee - ay - o, o - lee - ay - ee,

ay - ee, ay - ee, O - lee - ay - ee, ay - ee.

Pete Knight, The King Of The Cowboys

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Yodel






Lay - ee_ de - o - de - aye, ———

f *mf*




O, lay - ee_ de o - de - aye, ——— O lay - ee_ de -

o - de aye_ O, lay - ee_ de - o - de - aye. ———




Fine

1. List a while to my sto - ry, — 'Bout a lad from the
 raised at Crow - field, Al - bert - a, — Just a lit - tle cow -
 took a real love for the sad - dle, — Like most of us
 5. That day he made it a prac - tice, — Each day a
 out of the chute just a - kick - ing, — Both feet high
 7. Rid - den in all the stam - pedes, — North, South,
 Pete, like all oth - er cow - boys, — A girl came

wide o - pen plain, — Who has won a great name the world
 town in the west; — Un - less he was out 'mongst the
 boys in the west; — He'd watch the cow - boys a -
 bron - cho to tame, — And now he's a king of the
 up in the mane, — While bronc' does his best to un -
 East and West, — At the World's Fair held in Chi -
 in - to his life — He took her hand at the

o - ver, — Pete Knight of Ro - de - o fame. — 2. He was
 bron - chos — It seemed he was nev - er at rest. — 3. He —
 rid - in', — On Sun - days it seems was the
 cow - boys — That ev - er set foot on the range. — 6. He'll come
 seat him, — But the horse nev - er lived he can't tame. — 8. But —
 ca - go, — Won the world's bronc' rid - ing con - test. —
 al - tar, — And made her his lov - ing

1-2-4-5

best. _____ 4. One day he cor - nered a bron - cho, _____
 wife. _____ 9. But Can - a - da's proud of her cow - boy, _____ Who has

Us - ing a sack for a blind, _____ Stuck on the sad - dle and
 won great hon - or and fame; _____ We'll take off our hats to the

pulled 'way the blind, Yelled, "Cay - use, let's see you un - wind." _____ O
 king of them all, Pete Knight from the Al - bert - a plains. _____ O

D.S. Yodel %

D.S. Yodel

My Little Silver-Haired Sweetheart

19

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4969

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Tempo di Valse Moderato

mf

p

p.

G C Cm G D7 G G7

I'm writ - ing this let - ter dear moth - er - of mine, I
I've worked and I've saved, wait - ing skies to - be blue, Each

C G Em A7 D7

long for you, sweet - heart, oh moth - er, di - vine; These
night in my dreams I'd see vis - ions of you;

G C Cm G D7 G G7

long wea - ry days that I've been a - way I'm
In a lit - tle cab - in shad - ed by the pines

so blue and lone - ly and with these words I'll say: _____
 Lit - tle sil-ver-haired sweet - heart, sweet moth - er of mine. _____

CHORUS

Lit - tle sil-ver-haired sweet - heart, I'm com - ing to you _____ Lit - tle

sil-ver-haired sweet - heart, your wor - ries now are through. — When I was a

ba - by and held on your knee — You missed all life's plea - sure,

A7 D7 G C G G G7 C

all just for me — Heart - beats will be high - er as days

G G7 C G Em A7

pass a - way — When gray dawn is break - ing, I'll be on my

D7 G C G G7 C G

way — Keep a light a - shin - ing, let it shine thro' the pines —

G7 C Gdim G Em Am D7 G

Lit - tle sil - ver - haired sweet - heart, sweet moth - er of mine. —

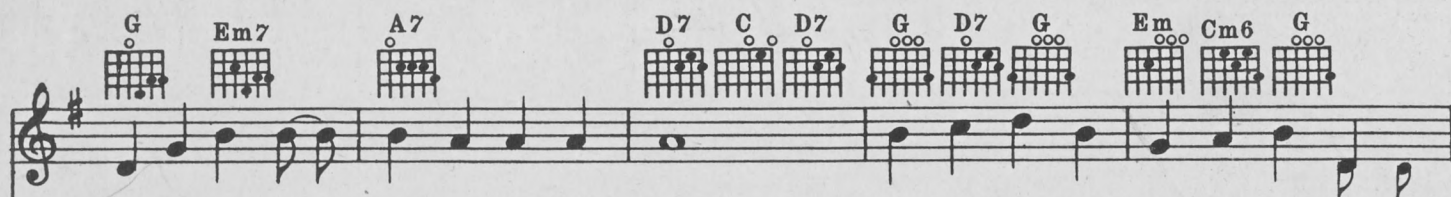
Cowboy, Don't Forget Your Mother

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

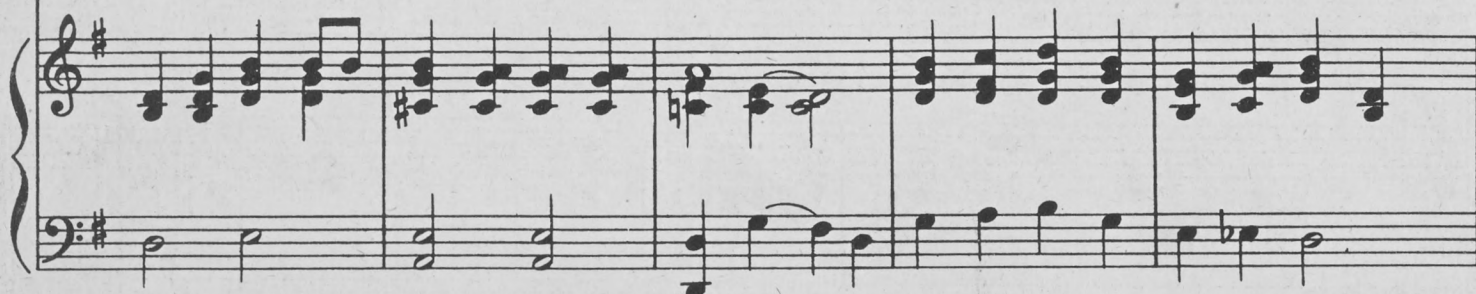
Slowly, with expression



- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 1. As the sun was slow-ly set-ting on a sum-mer day, | Ly-ing on a |
| 2. "Tell her how I'd love to see her tho'she's far a - way, | But I'll meet her |
| 3. While the mel-low moon was shin-ing on the prai-rie crest, | In a grave just |



- | | |
|---|---|
| sad-dle blank-et a dy-ing cow-boy lay, | "Com-rades, gath-er close a-round me, |
| up in heav-en_ on the Judgement Day. | Tell her that I've still her pic-ture and |
| six by three we_ laid him down to rest. | Man-y times we go a-rid-ing |



C E7 A7 Gdim G E7 Am D7 G C G ²³

I'll be soon a way,
lock of gold-en hair,
by his lone-ly grave;

And to you I'll tell my sto-ry, lis-ten while I say:
I'll be wait-ing for you, moth-er, on the gold-en stair."
It brings back those haunt-ing mem'-ries when we heard him say:

CHORUS G C G C

"Cow-boy, don't for - get your moth-er, write a let-ter home, Tho' you've grown

G Em A7 D7 G Em Cm6 G

in to man-hood and you've chanced to roam, I know moth-er's sad and lone-ly,

C E7 A7 Gdim G E7 Am D7 G C G

liv-ing all a - lone, On this earth I ne'er can see her, send my let-ter home?" —

rit.

Lonesome For Baby Tonight

Victor Blue Bird Record B6208

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Moderato Con espress.

An - oth - er long day has
When I come home from my
O ba - by, I'm lone - some for

tak - en its toll, Bring - ing back heart - aches a - new, _____
work — at night, No more do I find that ca - ress, _____ That
you — to - night, I long for your sweet ten - der - ness, _____ To

Bring - ing back dreams that seem ne'er to part Leav - ing me lone - some and
sweet lit - tle smile each night to see, Now I on - ly find emp - ti -
hold you once more as I used to do, And fon - dle you close to my

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Moderato Con espress.'. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. Above the vocal line, there are guitar chord diagrams for G, D7, G, C, Cm, and G. Above the piano accompaniment, there are guitar chord diagrams for D7, G, B7, Em, and A7. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

blue; _____ The an-gels came down from heav-en a - bove,
 ness, _____ If I on - ly could rock you to sleep once more As I
 breast, _____ I know you were need-ed in heav-en a - bove, Some

Claim-ing what seems was their right _____ Tak-ing a - way my sweet
 did _____ in days _____ gone by _____ Ba-by I'm lone-some for
 day we' shall all stand the test _____ Will the an-gels that took you a -

ten - der - ness, _____ Lone-some for ba - by to night. _____
 you to - night, To sing you a sweet lul - la - by. _____
 way my dear, Give you a moth - er's ca - ress. _____

p.

D.S.

My Montana Sweetheart

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Moderato

mf

The shad-ows are fall - ing o'er the lit - tle ranch home, There we planned hap - py

p

days, dear, down the trails we would roam; There in the moon - light you said you'd be

mine, We'd have a grand wed - ding in the shade of the pines.

Chords: G, C, G, G7, C, G, D7, Em, G, A7, D7, G, C, G

CHORUS

My Mon-tan-a Sweet-heart, I'm long-ing for you, My Mon-tan-a Sweet-heart

— with sweet eyes of blue, The whip-poor-will's call-ing from the trees high a -

bove, It seems to be call-ing for its long lost love.

— My Mon-tan-a Sweet-heart, I'm lone-some and blue, When the moon's shin-ing

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus section with four lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes various chords (D7, G, C, Gdim, A7, G7) and triplets. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano part is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Chord diagrams: C, B, D7, G7

bright — I'm a-think-ing of you. — Just write me a let - ter — and say you'll be

Chord diagrams: Am, A7, D7

mine, — We'll have a grand wed - ding — in the shade of the pines. —

Chord diagrams: G, G7, C, Cm, G, E7, Ddim

— There we both will be hap - py, — why should we be blue? — My Mon-tan-a

Chord diagrams: D7, G, Gdim, D7, G, C, G

1. Sweet - heart, — I'm a-com-ing to you. — My Mon-tan-a you. —

2. Sweet - heart, — I'm a-com-ing to you. — My Mon-tan-a you. —

I've Got Those Hobo Blues

29

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Moderato

mf

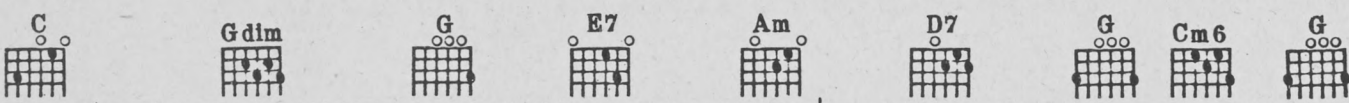
1. Hid-ing be-hind a wa-ter tank, Wait-ing a west-bound train, —

p


Try-ing to dodge the dog-gone cops, It's pour-ing down in rain. — It

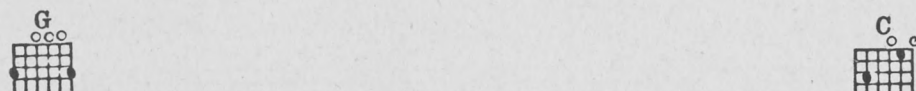
seems they love to chase us, — That's all they ev-er do. —

G D7 G C G C G Gdim Em G A7 D7 C G




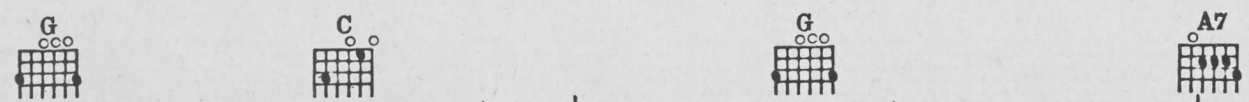
What did we ev - er do to them? I've got those Ho - bo Blues. _____






2. We have to bum our vic - tuals — As we pass from town to
 3. We drift in - to the cit - y, — Try to find a lit - tle
 4. A - ly - in' in a box - car, — The train rolls down the
 5. But oh! for the life of a ho - bo, — No lov - ing ca - ress of a





town, — Some peo - ple call us the ram - bling bums, We're knights of
 chuck, — Those dog - gone cops, — they chase us out, That's al - ways the
 rails, — We don't find much dif - f'rence here From ly - in'
 wife, — No ba - by to hold up - on your knee When you come



high re - nown. It seems Old Man De - pres - sion
 Ho - bo's luck. Can - a - da, the land of
 in a jail, Four walls all a - round us,
 home at night. Al - ways rid - in' the glit - tring

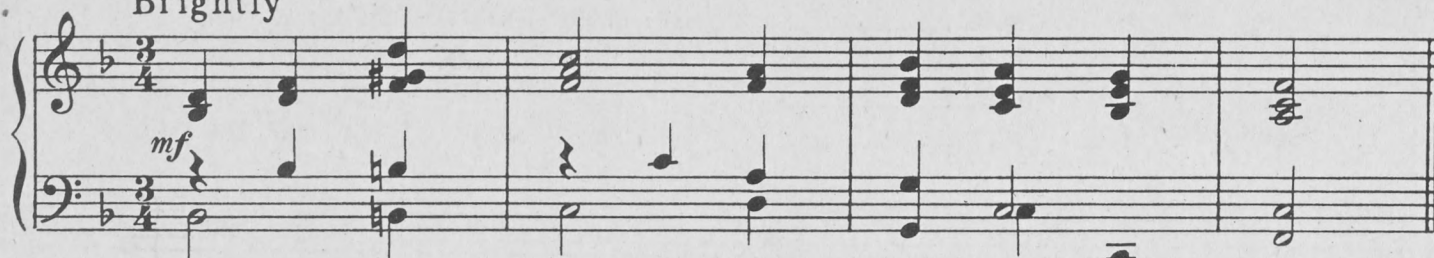
— hit us lads the worst of all, We have to bum our
 plen - ty, we find no work to do, Just ride the rods from
 nev - er no pork - chops, steaks or stews, I hear a whis - tle
 rails that's all we ev - er do, A ho - bo's life's not

liv - ing from the Spring till late in the Fall.
 East to West and get those Ho - bo Blues.
 blow - in' it's those dog - gone Ho - bo Blues.
 all blue skies, those dog - gone Ho - bo Blues.

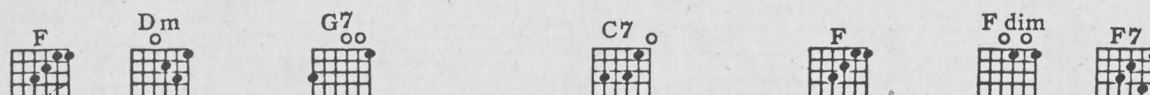
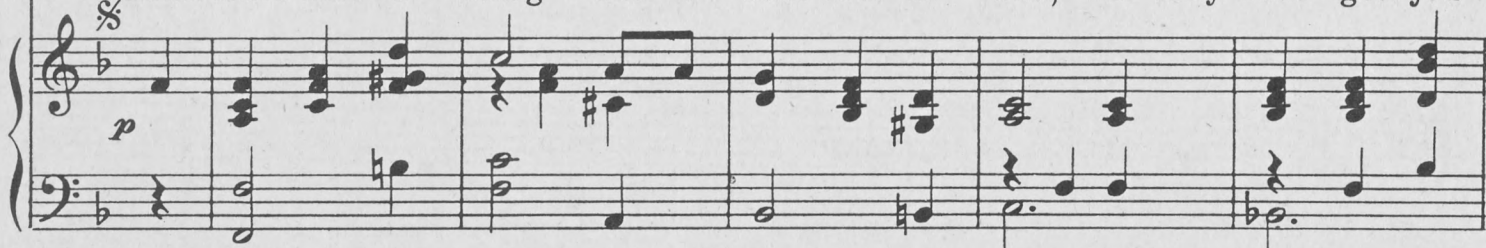
My Blues Have Turned To Sunshine

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

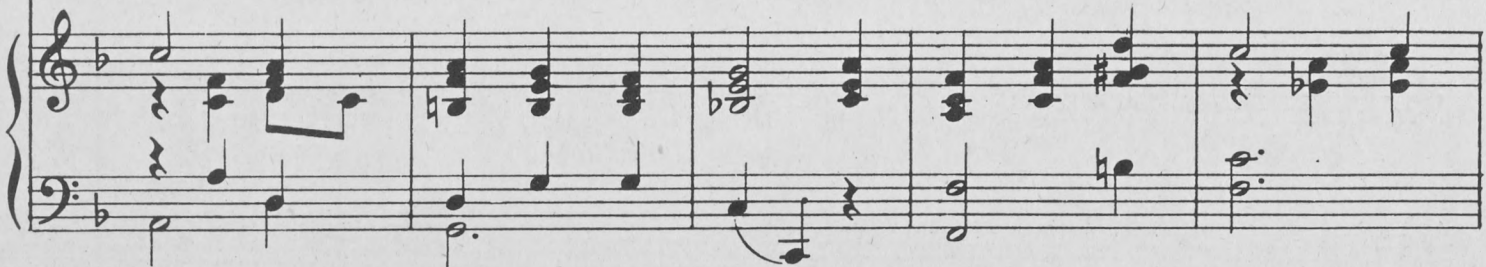
Brightly

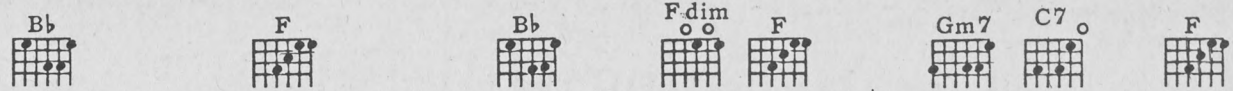


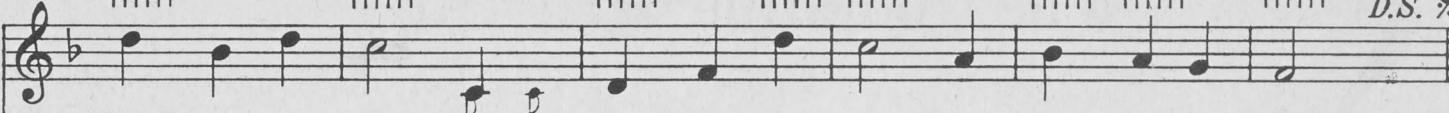
1. O, why should I sigh when I'm feel-in' so gay? My— lone-some old
2. A - rid - in' the range or— hang-in' 'round town, Those dog-gone old
3. I al-ways have longed for a lit - tle ranch home On the side of a
4. I love the gay life, it's— rough but it's free, There's some-thing a -
5. I made up my mind no— more will I roam, At— last I've a
6. If you get the blues just— sing this old song,—— Make up your
7. Them blues ain't a thing but a man feel-in' bad, If they once get you



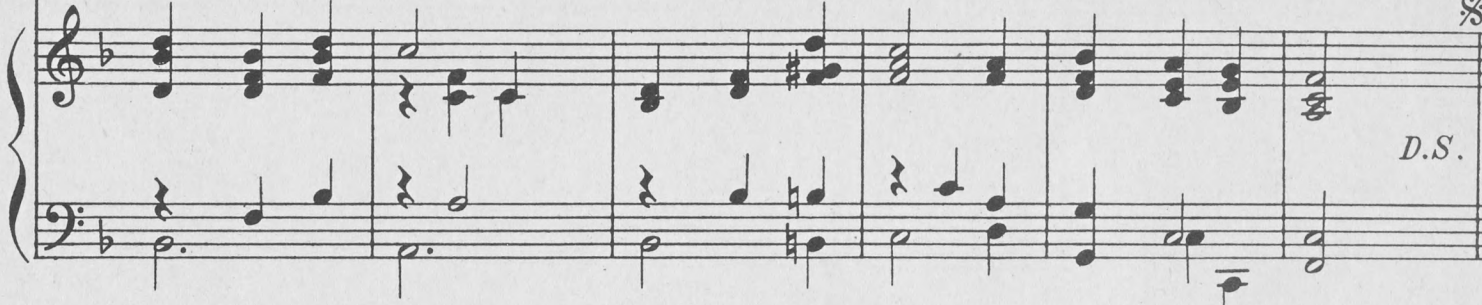
blues have all flown a - way, I've won the long fight, they've
 blues were get - tin' me down; I made up my mind I'd
 hill to call all my own; Wake in the morn a -
 bout them roll - in' prai - ries; Swing to the sad - dle a -
 place that I can call home; Strum my gui - tar with
 mind you won't have 'em long; Put on a smile, it's
 down you can feel might-y sad; Be - cause in the end the








served out their time, My— lone-some old blues have turned to sun-shine.
 fool 'em some time And I turned them old blues to rays of sun-shine. (Yodel)
 feel - in' sub - lime, And - find all my blues were turned to sun-shine.
 feel - in' just fine, My— lone-some old blues have turned to sun-shine. (Yodel)
 lei - sure di - vine, My— lone-some old blues have turned to sun-shine.
 sure a good sign, You'll find all your blues have turned to sun-shine.
 blues are a crime, So— turn all your blues to rays of sun-shine. (Yodel)



D.S. 

Yodel after 2nd, 4th and last Verses





O-lee - ay-lee-ay - o, O-lee-ay-lee-ay - o, O-lee-ay-ee, ay-ee, ay-ee.—



mf





— O-lee-ay-lee-ay - o, O-lee-ay-lee-ay - o, O-lee-ay-ee, ay-ee, ay-ee.—



D. C.

The Yodelling Hill-Billy

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Moderato



Chord diagrams: C^o, F, C^o






1. I'm beat - ing my way o'er the moun - tains and val - lies, My tho'ts they are
 2. I love the wild life in the hills and the val - lies, The lit - tle old
 3. I'm hap - py a - roam - in' 'way up on the moun - tains, A - sing - in' an'
 4. I know that some day — my voice will be fail - in', So I'll take a

The vocal melody is in 3/4 time, marked 'p'. It includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the first line. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

Chord diagrams: D7, G7, C, C7



bound - less, my soul is as free. Like a bird on the wing its
 still where I make my whoop - ee. We — make our own laws which
 strum - min' on my old gui - tar. My — yo - del - ling songs I
 good snort and call it a day. Per - haps when I feel my

The vocal melody continues in 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with chords and moving lines, while the left hand remains steady.

song so en - chant-ing, I'll yo - del my way, my heart full of glee. (D. S.)
 nev - er are brok - en, I'm a yod - ling hill - bil - ly and hap - py to be. (Yodel)
 love to hear ech - o, A - way o'er the tree - tops to val - lies a - far. (D. S.)
 soul up-ward wing-ing, I'll yo - del my song as hap - py and gay. (Yodel)

D.S.

Yodel

De ay de lee-de ay ee o lee o lay, De ay de lee-dle ay ee o lee o lay, De

mf




ay de lee-dle ay ee, de ay de lee-dle ay ee, de ay de lee-dle ay ee, o lee, ay ee,




Dee - - dle dee dee, ——— dee de lee-dle o lee ay ee. ———

Hill-Billy Valley

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Moderato

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It features a melody in the right hand with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with a steady eighth-note pattern. The dynamic is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The first system of the song includes a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a G major chord diagram. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are as follows:

1. There's a	trail wind - ing	down from the	moun - tains	_____	To the
2. It was	in that old	val - ley we	wan - dered	_____	There we
3. Don't you	know that you	prom - ised me,	darl - ing,	_____	That some
4. Ev - 'ry	day I'd re -	turn to the	val - ley,	_____	Hop - ing,
5. I will	rest in the	Hill - Bil - ly	Val - ley	_____	Where we

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It includes G major, A7, and D7 chord diagrams. The lyrics are as follows:


grass cov - ered	val - lies be -	low,	_____	There's a	path up that
pledged that we	nev - er would	part,	_____	You're the	Li - ly of
day you would	be my sweet	wife,	_____	In a	moss cov - ered
pray - ing some	day you'd re -	turn,	_____	You're the	Li - ly of
part - ed and	bid fair a -	dieu,	_____	But re -	mem - ber in



lit - tle green val - ley — Up that path-way I'm long-ing to go. — (D. S.)
 Hill - Bil - ly Val - ley — And the pride of a Hill - Bil - ly's heart. — (Yodel)
 shack in the moun-tains — We would live a real Hill - Bil - ly's life. — (D. S.)
 Hill - Bil - ly Val - ley — For you darl-ing, I al-ways will yearn. — (D. S.)
 Hill - Bil - ly Val - ley — There's a Hill - Bil - ly wait-ing for you. — (Yodel)

D.S.

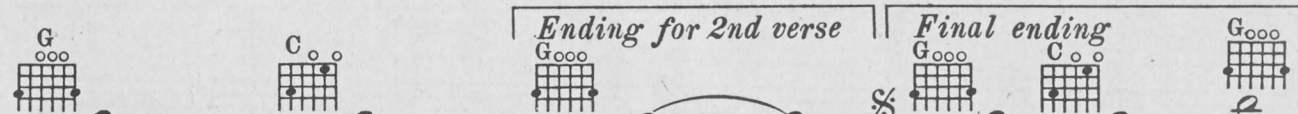
Yodel (after 2nd and last Verses)



O lee ay lee ay lee, O ay lee ay lee; O

mf

p



ay lee o ay lee, o ay lee — *D.S.* ay lee o lee ay.

Ending for 2nd verse *Final ending*

D.S.

38 The Smoke Went Up The Chimney Just The Same

Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

Lively

Sit - tin' round the

bunk-chuck on a cold No - vem - ber morn, — An' most of us were

wish - in' that we nev - er had been born; — The north wind just a -

howl - in', lad, an' in the sleet an' rain, But the smoke went up the

1. *Last Verse*

chim-ney just the same. same.

2.

Some were playin' poker, losin' all their summer stake,
 An' some were stealin' cookies that the cook had chanced to make;
 The flunkey choppin' firewood says we're drivin' him insane
 But the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

3.

For breakfast we get flapjacks, for dinner pork an' beans,
 For supper great big chunk of pork that didn't have no lean;
 There ain't no use complainin', boys, there ain't a thing to gain,
 An' the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

4.

One day we boys decided for to have some different chuck,
 We give ol' Jim the job, 'cause he always had good luck;
 An' soon the pot was boilin' an' the fragrance sure was tame,
 But the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

5.

We had beef an' spuds an' carrots, boys, it made a dandy stew,
 Along with chunks of turnips that they never would cook through;
 Asparagrass an' onions that are noted for their fame,
 But the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

6.

Oh, after we had eaten all the chuck that we could hold,
 Decided we had better rest an' crawl into our roll;
 But soon we gets a feelin', boys, that turned into a pain,
 But the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

7.

Ol' Jim let into laughin' at the way we all performed,
 He said he never had such fun since the day that he was born;
 He said he'd made a big mistake an' the only one to blame,
 But the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

8.

He was puttin' in some seasonin' like most of cookees do,
 A sack fell off the pantry shelf an' fell into the stew;
 'Twas a little sack of Hi-de-ho that caused us all the pain,
 But the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

9.

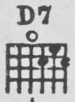


An' now you've heard the myst'ry of the cowboys an' their stew,
 Next mornin' all were grumblin' an' a-feelin' mighty blue;
 Ol' Jim was fryin' bacon an' a-singin' this refrain,
 An' the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

The Trail To Home, Sweet Home

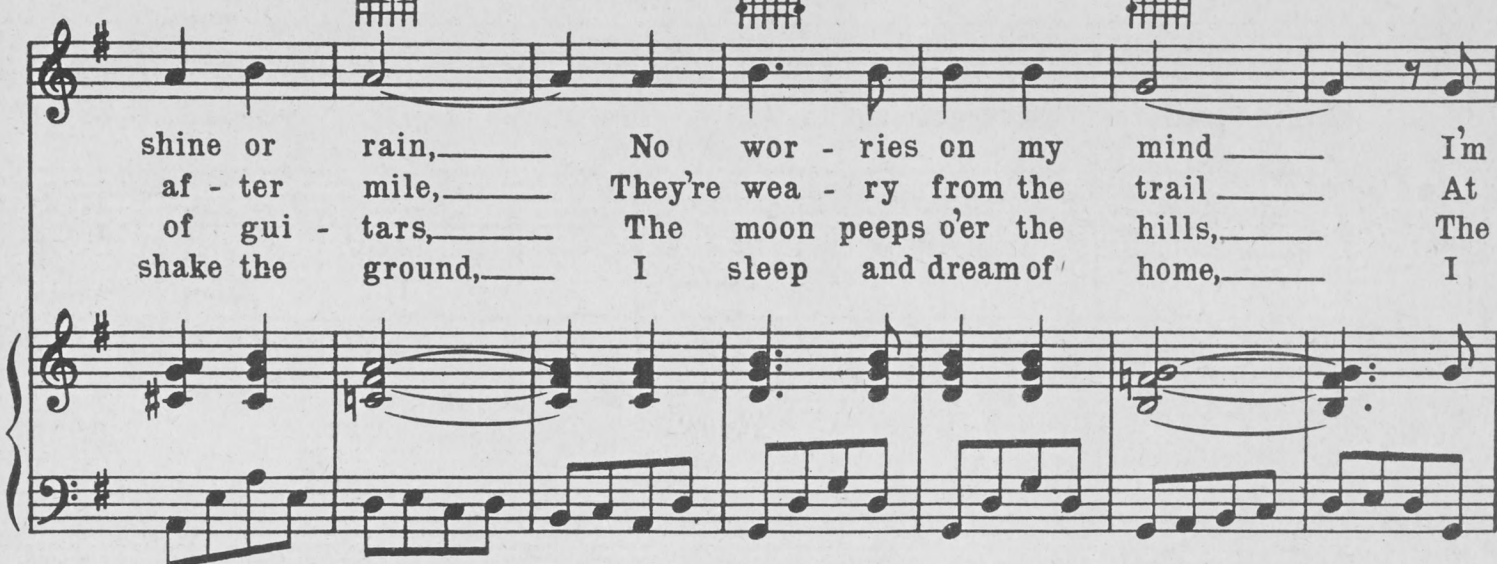
Words and Music by
WILF CARTER

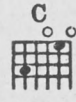

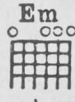


Con moto









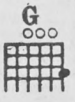
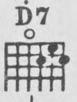

shine or rain, _____ No wor - ries on my mind _____ I'm
 af - ter mile, _____ They're wea - ry from the trail _____ At
 of gui - tars, _____ The moon peeps o'er the hills, _____ The
 shake the ground, _____ I sleep and dream of home, _____ I



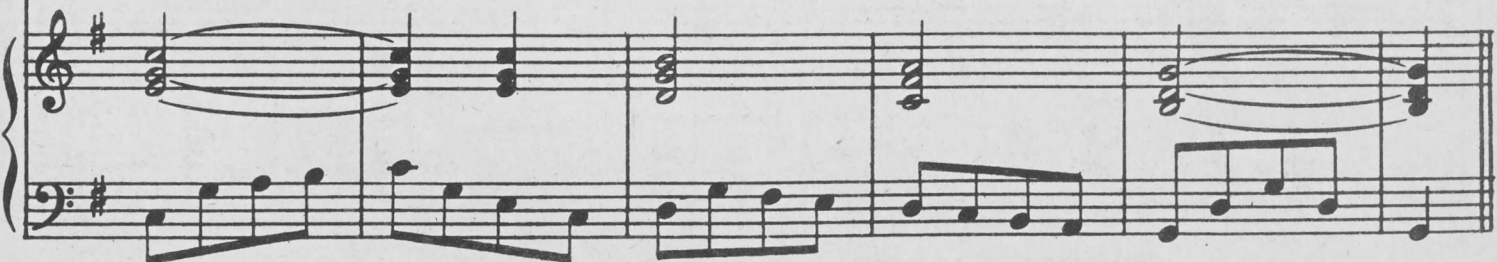






full of pep and joy, _____ You take life with
 rest they long to be, _____ But soon we'll bed them
 shad - ows move a - long, _____ The camp-fire dies a -
 wake at break of dawn _____ To start an - oth - er



smile _____ Like all cow - boys. _____
 down _____ In the lone val - ley. _____
 way _____ As we sing this song: _____
 day _____ With a cow - boys' song: _____



CHORUS

On the trail to home, sweet home, — Sweet, sweet home, —

Go-ing, go-ing home, — No place like home. — Mother's

heart will fill with joy, — When she sees her dear cow - boy — Come

rid - in' down the trail — to Home Sweet Home. —

D.S. %

D.S. %

Answer to "SWISS MOONLIGHT LULLABY"

I'm waiting in the moonlight upon the mountain high,
Listening for the answer to my Swiss moonlight lullaby;
And when the moon comes shinin' with all its silvery ray
I'll yodel in the valley to my lover far away.

CHORUS

Roll along O silvery moon, roll along on your way
While I sing my yodeling to my lover far away.

— 2 —

Silvery moon ashining, be his faithful guide
O'er the hills and valleys where many dangers hide.
Now I hear a yodel, there comes a faint reply —
At last I hear my answer to my Swiss moonlight lullaby.

CHORUS

Roll along, O silvery moon, roll along on your way!
Lighten up the path way to my moonlight Swiss chalet.

WILF CARTER

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My Yodellin' seemed to improve — anyways I invented a three-in-one yodel — the kind of chorus solo you hear in the Swiss Moonlight Lullaby. ..."

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